By W. CLARK RUSSELL

Author of the "Wreck of the Grosvenor,"
"A Sailor's Sweetheart," Etc. CHAPTER XVIIL

A BITTER RESOLVE. All the evening Jenny had remained in her room, and had but now, at this hour of ten, which was even tolling, said good-night to her mother, parting with her after a long and close embrace, and with a prayer that God would bless her for her love. Then did she lock her door, and sit and listen; and presently heard both father and mother come to their bedroom, and the murmur of their voices.

In those old times there used to be in fashion a little traveling box, light to carry, with a strap across the lid that the arm might sling it, and much used by country

One of these boxes stood on the floor, and the packing of it, with many a long halt for a sobbing fit, and active protest and hopeful reassurance, had been Mrs. Strangfield's occupation for a part of the evening. Pres-ently rising, Jenny went to the box and tried its weight. Light enough it was—with a single change of apparel only; yet she took a turn with it about the room (treading on tiptoe) as i." to make sure that it was not a

burden above her strength.

She was restless and could not remain quiet. Now she would draw out her purse quiet. Now she would draw out her purse and count the money that it held; now she would approach the glass and gaze at the spectral, mournful beauty of her white face; anon, and with no more sound than a mouse creeping, she would pace the room; until the fever in her waned, and the passionate spurring of thought ceased to lacerate and drive. Whereupon she extinguished the light and took a place at the window, and surrendered herself to contemplation of the

Manifestly she meant to take no rest that night, or was very long in going to it.
One would have had no need for sharp eyes

to look at Jenny's face and know her as a girl on the eve of some wild business. Tomorrow morning was she to be carried a long and sorrowful journey by her father, and when in London, from church to church they were to wander; and all the while her heart was to burn in the fire of his wrath, and her sacred purity to be blackened by his thoughts of it. Her ignorance of matters which, had she but foreseen all this, would have been she but foreseen all this, would have been easy to learn and remember, was so deep that even her mother had groaned over her that evening. The very neighborhood wherein Cuthbert had hired lodgings during his holiday in London she did not know; she had never had occasion to write to him. He had come to Sydenham and met her by an appointment planned before they left Greystone, and all their arrangements were verbally concerted with never a hitch of weather to disappoint them, and that was why no letters had passed.

So, then, the London parish in whose church they were united was unknown to her. No light could she give, beyond taking God's holy name in witness that she spoke the truth, which only her mother believed.

But the uselessness of the journey, and the fear of her father's anger if failure should attend their search, were not the first causes of her present resolution.

That night, she resolved, would be the last she should ever pass in the old wooden house.
Call her mad if you please—and few such desperate resolves but have madness at bottom; but there was courage, too, a virtuous audacity, and of a most womanly sort, acting without reflection; that is; influenced by the present that was driving her, and taking no thought of the future upon which

she was rushing.

The church clock was striking the half hour after eleven, when with a shiver she rose from her chair at the open window, and, stealing to the bedroom door, opened it noise lessly, and listened. The deep breathing in the adjacent apartment where her parents lay, the fall of an ember in the kitchen grate, the loud ticking of a clock, were the only

sounds audible. Leaving the door ajar, she put on her hat, to which a veil was attached, threw a shawl over her shoulders, and raised the little trunk. There was clear moonlight abroad now, and light enough reflected to give distinctness to all objects in the room. On tiptoe she descended the staircase, and, the bet-

ter to make her exit soundless, went through In a few moments she had lightly drawn the bolts of the back door, and stood in the moonlight.

The night was soft and sweet with dew and the mild stars shone lustrously. Now, was it that the cool air and the deserted length of the High street, and the black shadows of the soaring town, brought to her an unutterable sense of homelessness, and the chill and terror of the lonesome state. She came round to the front of the house, and

under the gloom of the bay tree paused and reflected, not daring to lift her eye to her parents' bedroom window.

She crept softly out of the darkness and crossed the road and went up the street, hug-ging the shadow of the houses. When abreast of the market place, again was she seized with a numbing sense of helplessness and a great agony of spirit. The sympathy of a human voice—some one to tell her story to and take advice from, she wanted, and perhaps the very last person whom it would have entered her head to apply to under any

other circumstances she now resolved to seek.

This was Mrs. Mead, who had shown her some kindness that morning, and the sort of sympathy that was not likely to thwart if it did not profit her.

So she flitted like some restless spirit

through empty stalls and vacant, silent gloom, and, hesitating a moment before Mrs. Mead's door, knocked lightly.

Although there was no light in Mrs. Mead's window, the old woman was not asleep, hav-ing not two minutes before Jenny's arrival extinguished her tallow candle and got into bed. Hearing a sound that resembled a knock at the door, the old woman lifted her ear out of the pillow and listened. After a little interval the knock was repeated, and there being no mistake about the noise this time, Mrs. Mead, greatly wondering, darted her withered legs out of bed, struck a light, swathed her old form in the counterpane, which she plucked from the bed, went to the door and opened it, holding the candle over

her head. She instantly recognized Jenny, and ut-

She instantly recognized Jenny, and uttered a cry of astonishment.
"Michael Strangfield's girl! At this time o' night! Seekin' of me, too! Lord, Lord! what is the matter?"
"Let me come in and speak to you, Mrs. Mead," said the girl in a low whisper. "I am leaving father and mother for good, but have no strength to walk all the way to

ord of comfort and advise me."
"To Winston! This time o' night! But come in, come in!" cried the old woman, towering her voice with involuntary relish of this new mystery that had come to her very door, and looking backward at the staircase to make sure the tailor was not listening.

"Leaving father and mother for good!"



"Lord, Lord! What is the matter?" falsely," answered Jenny; "and I cannot bide with him to be thought sinful, and spurned

at by the people."
"And for that your are leaving home!" ex And for tout your are leaving nome? exclaimed the old woman, who showed no symptom of sleepiness. "And you are going to Winston! What to do there, Miss Jenny?" "My cousin, Bridget Lloyd, lives at Mar-

"My cousin, Bridget Lloyd, lives at sharples, and the coach passes Winston at eight in the morning. To Marples I am going, to ask Bridget to give me shelter until I can find my living."

"Well, indeed! And do ye mean to walk Why we saw the coach five mile to-night? Why, ye says t' coach doth not pass before eight, and where will ye stay till it comes?"

"I have not thought," answered Jenny with a heavy sigh. "But I will not stop in Grey-stone to be mocked. Oh, Mrs. Mead! to-morrow morning father would take me to London to show him the church where I was married, and this I cannot do. What then will be think? But it is not only because I cannot prove myself my dearest one's wife that I am leaving home. Because father thinks me a wicked sinner and a liar I am running away, and because all the town who have not a father's heart for me will think worse things of Jenny. Oh, may God lend me wisdom to know the right thing to do, and forgive me the sorrow I this night cause my mother!"

She bit her lip cruelly to restrain her tears for she feared that the sight of them would move Mrs. Mead to hinder her desperate reso lution.

"Before you move a step or say another word, ye shall have something to mend your spirits with," said the old woman, briskly, and entered Her bedroom, whence in a few moments she returned, with a gown and

moments she returned, with a gown and shawl on, and, going to a cupboard, produced a little flask of cherry cordial, of which she obliged Jenny to swallow a glassful.

"It is a strange thing for you to do," said she, resuming her chair and twisting her scant gray tresses into a knot at the back of her head. "Doth your cousin, Mrs. Lloyd, know you are coming to her?"

"No," Jenny answered. "I did not make up my mind to leave home till father told me to get ready to quit for London with him in

to get ready to quit for London with him in the morning. I should fear to be with him if we could not find the church. If he does not think me truthful then I am a sinner to him, and not fit for his house; and that is

why I am leaving him forever!" Her eyes flashed as she spoke, and the hard look of her mouth might have reminded Mrs. Mead of the deacon at his sternest. But the anger melted away, and she cried piteously,
"You will tell my poor mother that you have
seen me, and why I have left her? Father's
harshness to me is breaking her heart, and what will she do when she finds her pretty one gone?" and she paused again to battle with her tears.

"Miss Jenny, if ye are wise, ye'll go home, said Mrs. Mead, nodding her head. "Why

said Mrs. Mend, nodding her head. "Why, what'll folks say when it's known you've roon away? Sure enough they'll call ye a guilty wench, and you would not like that."

"They will call me that if I stay—why should they not, if father thinks it!—and never could I go into the street, nor meet human eyes, with this shame upon me!" she cried, despairingly.

"It's hard to know! it's hard to know!" groaned the old woman. "Would ye wish your mother to hear where you are?"

"No!" she answered quickly. "So that I am living and with friends, as you must tell her, Mrs. Mend, she will not despair. But no one must be told where I am—not one, Mrs. Mead. Promise me that! Swear it!"
"I'll swear it if you please, Mrs. Jenny,"

replied Mrs. Mead, sympathetically giving the girl her wifely prefix. "But before ye make me take an oath just think awhile. If

make me take an oath just think awhile. If Iswear, they may drown me and not get the truth. Suppose Mr. Cuthbert—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl, with a short, passionate cry, "if he should come—why, why, Mrs. Mead, you would tell him instantly; he would be eager and mad to find me, and I to be with him. O, heavenly Lord! if thou wouldst but give him to me now!" she cried, raising her clasped hands, while her voice died away into a soft, exquisitely musical plaintive note. quisitely musical plaintive note.

"I don't like this business—truly I would rather have no hand in it," said Mrs. Mead, slowly turning her face from side to side. "Thy father would come and burn my house down if he knew I had helped you to leave

"You need not help me, I will go away now. Mrs. Mead, and leave you to your rest."
"That you shall not," cried the old woman, jumping up and laying her skinuy hand on Jenny, who had risen. "Sit down, sit down, my pretty. Why, how long will it take ye to walk to Winston? Two hours, will it? And so you shall come to the village at three i' the morn, and have five hours to count the daisies in afore th' coach comes! Sit down! sit down! Ye'll not leave this

"Dut I will be on my way before the light comes and the people are up," answered Jenny, still standing.

"So ye shall, but not afore the light comes.
Sit, mistress. Lord save your heart, 'tis
easier nor standing, and I for one niver can
think on my feet. Nowheers like bed for thinkin', say I, and then you're flat. Ye'll be changing your mind, I doubt, if ye'll sit and ponder."

"Do not say that, Mrs. Mend. I have already left home, and it is as bad as if I were a thousand miles off. I will not go back, in-deed. Bid me good-night, and be sure my heart is warm to thee for thy kindness."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Mead, forcing her, but not untenderly, into her chair, "ye come from an obstinate father, and argiments, as I've "I always said, is wasted on sitch. If yo mean to go, I'll not stop you-and who should know have no strength to walk all the way to Winsten without a living voice to give me a nor it is. I'm one," said she, going to her cupnor it is. I'm one," said she, going to her cupboard, "as loves crature conforts. Crature comforts," she continued, producing a couple comforts," she continued, producing a couple of cups and saucers, a loaf of bread, some eggs, and a strange looking vessel of the in which was some tea, made precious by the price of it in those days, "Is a true woice of consolation to the afflicted, to my way o' thinking. Niver did I attend a buryin' or go said she, leading Jenny to a chair, and pushing the candle close to her that she might see I laid in a meal o' food. Niver doth the mind ing the candle close to her that she might see I laid in a meel o' food. Niver doth the mind her face. "Whatever are you doing that do duty on an empty stomach. If it's but a crust o' hard bread and a spoonful o' gin, let "Because father suspects me of speaking me have it, I says, before I go to work,

There's no sperrit in fasting."

And so she rattled on, in a subdued woice

for fear of disturbing the tailor and his wife overhead, all the while kindling a fire, and preparing the table, and ceasing her gabble to go and draw a kettle of water from

zome back place.

There was a dispatch in the old woman's method of going to work, and a quiet, too, were it not for the subdued, eternal cackle of her tongue, that would have made a sick man love her. She produced another candle and brightened up the room, and presently the

brightened up the room, and presently the kettle was blowing out its filament of steam. "Now, mistress," said she, "here be a dish of tea which all Chaney, where the herb grows, as I've heard, couldn't match. Justa shred of bread, with this fine new butter, 'Il give that egg a relish as ye'll niver cease to remember. Come, come! sin' we mun both keep awake, there's naught like tea—or tay, as my mother used to call it; and that's the right word, though in these queer times a body hath no liberty. Well, will ye not laugh over this feast some day? I reckon Mr. Shaw'll make ye see a joke in it, for I niver knew a blue eye like his that didn't mean a merry heart; and this will I say of your husband, mistress, that since the days when poor Will Hacket coorted me i' silk stockings, I've niver seen a prettier lad than Mr. Cuthbert Shaw. Crack the egg, my dear, an' if ye shall tell the inside of it from cream, I'll swallow the shell. It's middling late for supper, but as thy father once said to me fifteen years ago, when I loved a bit o' riband as has no relish now, we're all artificial creatures—which is the Lord's truth. Why shouldn't a body eat it the middle o' the night as well as the morn? Come, come, make a beginning, or I'll not go along wi

. "But I do not want you to come along with me, Mrs. Mead. Indeed, I should not allow me, Ars. Mead. Indeed, I should not allow you to leave your house after keeping you from your bed—no, truly, though I love you dearly for your kindness," exclaimed Jenny.
"Do you think I should let a pretty young woman walk alone to Winston at this time

o' morn, with her box and her sweet face to court ivery smock she may come across?" cried Mrs. Mead, poising a saucer on a level with her nose, and straining her eyes at Jenny over it, "What is a summer's morning walk to me? If I can't hinder thee from leaving home, I'll see thee safe in t' coach anyways, and that'll be something for me to tell

thy mother."

The need of companionship was strong in
Jenny. All the way to Winston, with a long waiting for the coach, was a weary under taking, and what society should she have but bitter thoughts? Besides, a little touch of comfort there was in the feeling that her nother would know that no harm had befallen her, if Mrs. Mead gave the story so far as her promise of secrecy permitted. But there was that in the old woman's face which helped Jenny to prompter acceptance of the offer than otherwise her sweetness would have sanctioned. Mrs. Mead was clearly determined, and ready to quarrel, that her will should have its way. So the lonely hearted girl, with the saddest smile on her white face, went up to the dame and thanked her with a kiss upon the ripples of her forehead; and had she been a man, a favor more delightful the old woman could not have made it seem. But oh, what a contrast when the faces were together!

Now slowly, as they sat in these small hours—outside, the solemn stillness of the night, and within, no sound but the hum-ming of the kettle to thread the melodious complaining notes of the girl and the creaking tones of her sympathetic listener—the faint and mystical light of the new day, creeping from the infinite abysm into the towering chambers of the western heavens stood palely on the window glass, and little twitter of birds broke abruptly from invisi-

Until the light had broadened, Mrs. Mead refused to heed it; and Jenny, with her back to the window, and telling the long story of her love and marriage and sorrow to her companion, did not see it. Then the girl, pausing with feverish eyes, after words of oitter wonder that Cuthbert should have left

her, and a wild cry that he might not be dead, Mrs. Mead held up her finger.

"Mistress," said she, "before it is too late, think well of what you are about to do. Hush! If ye were my own child I should not now more to the." not say more to thee.

"I leave thought! I have thought!" monned Jenny, rocking herself to and fro. "My cousin Bridget will give me a bome; and she and her husband only shall know my story. But what will the talk be here, whether I stay or go? Never could I stir abroad, and at home my father could not bear to look at ne. Should God send my husband back then father will hang his head to think of the wrong he has done his girl. And thou shalt tell mother where I am. But, until Cuthbert comes, I will keep hidden. I have sworn it to myself; and if I should be forced to stay here I would kill myself-indeed I

would! "Well, truly!" muttered the old woman. "To see your beauty, like a kitten's, and such soft smiles as ye greet with, who'd think ye had so much spirit! I don't say ye aren't right. You're taching some folks a lesson as'll profit'em; and when you're righted, the people here'll make a queen of ye—see, now! Doth not the Lord say, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs? Yet his own child's bread bath your father taken, and niver are dogs wanting when there is a crust to gnaw. Turn your head now, my pretty. Do ye see it's day?"

With a sharp glance at the window, Jenny

jumped from her chair.
"I must go quickly," she cried. "There will be people abroad, and it I am seen they will run to father."

"There'll be no one abroad for another hou yet—not even the market folk," replied Mrs. Mead. "But I'll not keep ye scared."

She fetched her shawl and bonnet from the bedroom, and while she put them on she

"There's Sallie Walker, as kapes the Grevhound at Winston. I nursed her mother, and was at her funeral; and niver doth Sal come to Greystone without droppin' in to see if Mother Mead be still alive. We'll have her up, mistress, though she be snoring, and she shall give thee a couch for two hours' rest. For d'ye think you're made o' wire and parchment like me, that you can set through a whole night without a nap! At seven there'll be summat to break thy fast wi', I'se warrant—if I kill one o' Sally's pigs myself for the daintiness o' chitterlings. Then into the coach ye'll get, and may the Lord send ye happiness!"

So saying, she laid hold of Jenny's box, and with muffled tread and without speech they both of them went into the gray morning light.

CHAPTER NIX. THE EMPTY BEDROOM

ing his wife from the deep steep into which she had fallen senree an hour before, after Strangfield's girl—

long and weary wakefulness.

He had almost finished dressing himself when his wife awoke, and, after the first bewilderment, asked him the time.

"There is an hour before the coach starte," he said. "See about getting the breakfast roady. I shall be in the yard until the half-

him with the first words of his wife. No sooner was he gone than Mrs. Strang-field quitted her bed and went to the door to call Jenny. The room used by the girl was to the right of the room occupied by the husband and wife; the door of it stood open, and that was something to wonder at if Jenny were not downstairs. Into the room walked the mother, and all she saw was a bed that

had never been slept in.

Now for some moments this was a sight

with a significance not to be realized.

She went to the bedside and stared at it, and then round her, with a slow slipping of her head on her neck, like a ball on a pivot. Presently on the bed again she fixed her eyes with all the blankness of the frost-white counterpane reflected in them.
"What trick is she playing me?" she cried

to herself, but in a clear, strong voica

And all about the room she went, probing and peering like a faithful dog sniffing for its hidden young. Until it came into her head that her child had run away; on which she fledsfrom the room with a shriek.

That shriek brought forth the trollop Polly,

who beheld her mistress clinging to the top rail of the banister, motioning with her hand. "Lor, missus, what is it! For mussy's sake, mum, don't look so scarifying, mum! Oh, missus, what ha' yees seen?"

"Tell your master to come to me," ex-claimed Mrs. Strangfield, in a choking voice, and she went reeling into her bedroom and sank upon a chair. But up again she must jump in a moment and run into Jenny's room, and in the center of it she stood looking around her with rolling eyes. She was too frightened for deliberate search—even a direct clew she would not have heeded. With both hands pressed upon her heart she stood. Was it that the sorrowful girl, mourning her cruel bereavement, and the dishonor done her by her father, and dreading the journey, and the object of the journey that morning, and the object of the journey that all night long she had kept her vigil, and now was gone forth to cool her burning eyes against the soft wind blowing from the sea? Was it so? Ah, pray God! And the mother, with moving lips, drew to the window and sent her lips, drew to the window and sent her startled gaze over the summer scene of swelling cliff and folds of houses standing with shine of gold under the meek sweetness of the morning blue.

Mr. Strangfield came upstairs, and from the landing called to her. She ran to him, crying, "Michael, see here! Our child hath not slept in her bed! Where is she, do you think? Oh, if you love your wife, run to your men and bid them seek her. For God's sake do this, Michael-now!"

He went past her without answer and entered Jenny's room. If amazement or pain were in him, it was veiled by a heavy frown.
"Silence!" he cried, as his wife began to

speak. "Before we judge her, let us know what she has done. It is no sign that she has run away from us because she has not slept in her bed. Has she not acted more crazily than to stay awake in her clothes all night! Look about you and tell me what things you find missing,

"Nothing, Michael. Oh, my heart, yes! Where be the little trunk I packed for her

ast night?" With wonderful quickness, she flung open the door of a closet, and then searched be-neath the bed. Next she uttered a sharp cry, and leaned against her husband. He led her not untenderly to her room, but his own steps were weak and shaky, and his face

own steps were weak and snaky, and his face as white as a dying man's, which made his frown a black shadow upon his forehead.

"We must have patience yet," he exclaimed, drawing forth his watch, and speaking with as eyes bent down upon it. "She knows at what hour the coach starts, and if she he not what hour the coach starts, and if she be not guilty she will be here. Get thyself dressed, and let the breakfast be ready by the halfhour. She may return, and then what will it be that her box is gone? Bear up, for in half an hour great changes come. I will wait for thee and her in the parlor."

He went slowly and painfully downstairs, and stood at the window whispering to him-self, which was a strange trick for an obstinate, hard-headed man to fall into on a

In a short while Mrs. Strangfield came from her room and stood at the doorway watching him in silence. She sighed heavily; but, as though he heard neither her step nor her sigh, he did not turn his head; and with a fear of his stern, unbending silence on her, she went away to the kitchen to help Polly to get breakfast ready.

"Polly," she whispered, "didst thee see Miss

Jenny leave the house this morning?"
"I? No, indeed, missus! Be she gone, then?"
said the girl, with her hair all feathery for lack of brushing, and the end of her nose

black from frequent strokes of her bare arm.
"Hush, silly wench! Why do you shout!
She hath not slept in her bed, Polly. Oh, God! if she be run away from me!" "Roon awoy! Why, missus! whativer would she be doin' that for?" said the slut,

craning her neck out of the collarless rim of "Stir the fire, that the eggs may boil. Never do you talk but that you stop your work. Cannot you use your hands and tongue together? Hold your prate! As sure as thy nose is as black as thy master's boot, Till be packing thee to thy mother for a slovenly fool!" cried Mrs. Strangfield, in that phase of grief which admits of easy su-

pervention of irritation. The time was passing quickly. It was five minutes after the half-hour when breakfast was put upon the table, and Mr. Strangfield draw a shale few himself and hours a shale few himself. drew a chair for himself, and began to eat with the gesture of a man who forces him-self to do something he abhors. Not a mouthful could the mother swallow; her gaze was forever upon the open window, and her ears pricking for every little sound.

But expectation was wrought by fear into insupportable pain at last, and, unable to endure the hard silence, she cried out:

"Michael, she doth not come!" He looked at her vacantly, aroused by her speech out of deep thought, and pulled out his watch. He rose from his chair instantly,

his watch. He rose from his chair instantly, his whole manner changed, and he exclaimed: "it is too late for the coach. Now what do you say to your girl's honesty?"

"Oh, Michael!" she cried, "where do you think our child is: Why should she not be here! Did you say anything to her yesterday. to scare her: Last night she kissed me sweetly, and thanked me for my love, and she would not break my heart by leaving me! Oh, Michael, what didst thee say to her!

"I said no more than bid her be ready for the coach at Soclock this morning," he said, speaking with difficulty through the tension of his lips. "What is there to fright you in this? Could you not have guessed that if she had sinned she would not go with me to A little before six in the morning a ray of bright warm sunshine, like a golden ward projected from the window, having crept gradually along the wall, smote Mr. Strangfield between the eyes as he lay asker, in his finite voice: "What heavier blow than this finite voice: "What heavier blow than this finite voice: "What heavier blow than this sold converse a new ray of a new ray." I would sooner see bed, and awoke him.

Looking upon his watch, which hung at the side of the bed, he rose, without disturblittle town where we are bonored—how will

we stand here wickedly raging at the poor heart that hath been driven from our love by our sorrow and your anger, when every moment is taking her further from us? Oh, "I'll not hear thee say it!" shricked the

nour, and get you to Jenny, that she may not keep me waiting."

Saying which he left the room, wearing his yesterday's bitter face, which had come to so gentle, Michael—sitting wearied by the wayside, weeping and calling upon death, and thinking there be naught to love her but the gracious Lord who is in the sky! Dost thee not see her? If she had gone twenty miles I would walk to her! I would-l

would! In a paroxysm of grief and love she ran toward the door. But her husband came after her hastily, and his hand fell upon her

"Where would you go?" he said.
"To find my child. Michael, let me be. I will not be hindered!"

He drew her back from the door and

controlling his voice with an effort that discolored and convulsed his features. "You run mad easily, and madness is on you now and in this temper you are not to be trusted abroad. What will your sorrow do but publish our shame! At thy time of life to chase a phantom. Such is your child now; for where is she gone, and what road will you take? Oh, fool! to let love blind thee to the curse that God has set upon our foreheads! You have suckled vice, and I have loved it and caressed it, and now it has brought shame upon us and left us! The will of the Lord of Hosts be done! But this is my death,

He stopped short, with his hand upon his breast, shaking his head slowly, with his

"Sit thee down, Michael. My poor man! This is cruel hard upon us both! What have we done that God should take our only one from us? Sit thee down. Why do you pluck at your shirt?--your hand is all of a shiver.

She pushed a chair under him and he sank into it, and faintly beat with his fingers upon his thigh, looking downward with a

He rallied presently, and gazed at her wistfully with a softened eye, as she stood before him with averted face silently crying. "Am not I wise, Jane, to restrain thee from running into the town to seek the girl? That which is crooked,' saith the preacher 'cannot be made straight; and that which is

not back of her own accord, is it meet that her mother should bring her? Not with my leave shall you do it. And if she come, I go! for this house will not hold us two. Hush! I'll not hear you. Your love is a mother's, and I say, God help thee! but if she were twenty times my child, the hem of her gar-ment should not touch the sole of my boot, so hateful hath her sin made her in my

He spoke with subdued energy—as a man in an illness might, indeed; and though bitter and shocking as his words were for his wife to hear, yet his broken aspect, his ashen face, his drooping head, the senile twitching of his fingers, the dulled gleam in his eye, were sights of pathos to modify pure maternal anguish with wifely yearn-

moaned. "You will not believe that fear has driven her forth. If she is ignorant of the church wherein she was married, and hath no memory to help thee to find it, it drives me mad to stand here and think of her as a lonely, helpless wanderer."

friends, or means, to give her shelters How know you that her flight is not a scheme to join her lover who is in hiding? Does she lack cunning! Do not seek her! I would lock thee in thy bedroom rather than that this last disgrace should come

her forehead against the edge of the high mantelpiece, and thus stood in silent anguish.

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IS NOW OFFERING UNUSUAL AT-

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BARGAINS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR,

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We display a grand collection of New and Seasonable Styles at prices lower than

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in very large variety, and unequalled bargains are guaranteed.

in all the newest designs at prices that defy them all.

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WINDOW CURTAINS, LACE CUR-TAINS, RUGS, &C.,

in large assortments

Call and see our large NEW STOCK. The prices are light and we solicat your

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KIRK ROBINSON, AGENT.

COMPANIES ALL FIST-CLASS AND

RELIABLE. LOSSES PROMPTLY ADJUSTED AND

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COLLECTIONS PROMPTLY ATTEND-

I am still selling Brick, Lime, Laths, Hair and other Building Material. ALSO I am now prepared to furnish Coal and Wood in any quantity. All orders left with me shall have prompt attention. No drayage charged. Give me a trial. July 23- KIRK ROBINSON

MACHINE SHOP.

FOR THE CONVENIANCE OF Farmers and Mill Men, we have opened a REPAIR AND SUPPLY SHOP on Mr. H. Riggs' corner, and will be prepared to do all necessary ENGINE AND GIN REPAIRING with promptness, guarantee-

REPAIRING with promptness, guaranteeing satisfaction in every instance.

In connection with our Shop we are Agents for the sale of The Talbott Engine, Saw and Grist Mills. Also the best Cotton Gins, Condencers and Self Feeders. The Handcock Inspirator, Korting Universal Injector, the best Boiler feed in the market, Verebreau Let. Purply for lifting water Vanduzen Jet Pump, for lifting water out of wells of any depth.

out of wells of any depth.

We will keep on hand a full line of BRASS FITTINGS, STEAM AND WATER GUAGES, STEAM AND GAS PIPING, ELBOWS, NIPPLES, &c. PACKING, LUBRICATING AND CYLINDER OILS, and in fact everything to fit up your Machinery. Orders for Puliers and Shafting filled at lowest prices. We would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of Orangelong and surrounding country.

POOSEP, McK-EWN & CO.

Land for Sale.

THE WHOLE OR A PART OF my Farm, two miles below the town of Orangeburg, on the South Carolina Rail-Orangeburg, on the South Caronina Gallway and the public roads leading to Charleston, containing about 800 acres, a part cleared, balance finely timbered. Some splendid swamp land, 235 acres heavily pine timbered, adjoining and lying East and West of roads to Charleston. To be added to the form of the systems of south statements of the systems. subdivided in jots of 50 to so acres and sold, unless sold in entire. These jots will be unless som in visite fine lots for residences.

A. D. FREDERICK.

ABIAL LATHROP. F. M. WANNAMARER. Orangeburg, S. C. St. Matthews, S. C. ATHROP & WANNAMAKER.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, ORANGEBURG, S. C. Office Up Stairs Over the Postoffice.

shoulder.

closed it violently. "Listen to reason, woman!" he exclaimed

Jane— Wife, this thing has put ice in my heart— I am cold here."

frown gone.

sideway droop of the head.

wanting cannot be numbered.' If she come

ng and a dim dread not yet definable.
"You will not think her honest!"

would she not think with terror on the journey and fly rather than take it with you who are so stern to her? Oh, Michael, "Why do you say that? Has the man no

upon us!"
She answered him not a word, but leaned

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Sale VALUABLE PLANTATION eight miles east of town on the Five Chop road. Contains 500 acres of land, 150 of which is under eutitvation, and remainder well wooded with pine, oak, hickory, &c. Besides dwelling and other necessary buildings, all of which are in excellent condition, there is a well appointed! steam gin, saw and grist mill, with power cotton press, seed crusher, cotton elevator, wagon scales and cut off saw. On the place is an excellent carp pond, stocked with scale carp (the only pond in this county, to my knowledge, that has raised carp.) This place is excellently located in the center of a thickly that has raised carp.) This place is excel-lently located in the center of a thickly settled neighborhood, there-by possessing excellent advantages as a location for phy

sician. This place with stock and all other appurtenances, together with crop made upon it this year, except cotton crop, will be sold on terms to suit purchaser. Apply to W. S. Barron, M. D.

C. MAYHEW.

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